WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1901.

MART 4 1901

50 Years Ago. + + A Trooper's Story.

By RUBERT MURKIS POLK.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY THE PUBLISHERS OF THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

From the time we first struck the buffalo range I had been in the habit of taking a huat on foot, every afternoon, after we had established camp at the end of we had established camp at the end of the day's merch, always accompanied by one of the old hands. If we succeeded in killing one close to camp one of us would return for the company team to haul the return for the company team to had the meat in; but frequently we would find by the time we had downed our buffalo we had been lured off—probably following a wounded one—many miles from camp, in which case we would only cut out a few pounds of the tender loin or hump steak to carry, and then find ourselves played out by the time we reached camp. After setting well into the range, where there getting well into the range, where there were plenty to choose from, we seldom killed any of the old ones, always selecting the yearlings, or two or three-year-olds, as they make far better meat than the old ones, and are easier killed. It was exciting but laborious sport, hunting on foot, and now and then a little danger-

ous, to give it additional interest.

One day as old Tom and I were creeping on our hands and knees through a prairie-dog town to get in shooting dis-tance of a small bunch, we were crawling up behind a few weeds that stood around a prairie-dog hole, and when al-most within the length of my Sharps carbine of the desired cover, I heard the omi-nous, and not-to-be-misunderstood whiz-whiz of a rattlesnake, and looking up saw whiz of a ratheshase, and looking up saw the erect head and glittering eyes of two venomous reptiles almost in striking dis-tance of me. I "crawfished" very prompt-ly to a safe distance, and on throwing a few handfuls of dirt among the weeds, nted five rattlers that ran into the dog-

on another occasion I had wounded a bull and followed him across the Arkan-sas River, which is a wide, shallow stream sas River, which is a wide, shallow stream full of little islands and sand bars, but no timber. On reaching the south side among the sand dunes the wounded bull had lain down, and I easily crept up with-in 25 or 30 steps of him, crawling on my hands and knees, to get a shot. He sud-denly spied me and rose quickly to his feet, but instead of running he looked at me as only a mad buffalo can look, and me as only a mad buffalo can look, and me as only a mad buffalo can look, and began tucking his head down, snorting and pawing the sand preparatory to charg-ing on me. I thought that shaggy head with its snorting nostrils and flashing eye was the most frightful thing I had ever seen. It is astonishing how many things a person can think of in a very few sec-ords at such a time.

onds at such a time.

The bull as he raised was broadside to me, with his bead slightly turned in my direction, and I knew that I must take me, with his head slightly turned in my direction, and I knew that I must take careful aim and fire before he turned his body fully toward me. I had been instructed by old Tom just where to aim to reach the heart, and with all my excitebody fully toward me. I had been instructed by old Tom just where to aim to reach the heart, and with all my excitement I felt that I must drop that buffalo in his tracks, and must put the ball through his heart to do so. At the same through his heart to do so. At the same instant I thought of the grewsome possibilities of a failure. It wasn't likely that my gun would miss fire, but it was highly bable that unless I controlled my nerrousness I might miss the vital spot. Just in rear of the elbow of his foreleg." Tom had said. I remember of thinking as I took aim, "If I miss I wonder how long it'll be before Tom'll come over to lock for the scraps." I pulled the trigger rant the name, I found to consist mostly a consist mostly as the scraps of cottonwoods on the gun cracked, to make an effort to spring out of his way if he came on. But what a shout of joy I gave as I saw the beast stagger and fall just where he stood. I had often heard men make use of the expression, on recounting an escape from imminent danger, "It unde me feel glad I was living," but I never realized what that meant till now. As I stood beside that dead buffalo and thought of the danger I had just escaped I certainly felt

"glad I was living."

My shouting brought old Tom over, but we concluded to take none of the bull's meat, as we had killed a young animal, from which we took all we could carry of better beef. Tom suggested, however, that as a trophy I should skin the bull's pack animals. slip it on over my knife scabbard, which was a common practice of reinforcing a knife-sheath on the plains; the tail in drying shrinks to the old scabbard, making it strong and durable, and the tufted end looks quite ornamental.

MULE-POOTED HOUS. "Missouri," our new recruit, in relating to me some of the wonders peculiar to his native flint hills, told me of a breed of hogs they have in southwest Missouri northwest Arkansas called "mule hogs, from the fact that they have no split in the hoof like our common porker. I doubted this statement, as I had never heard of such a monstrosity before, and usked Bill Slade, who has been every where and knows everything, if he had ever seen or heard of such a breed of hogs?
"O, yes," he declared, promptly.

you won't tell anybody I don't mind tellin ou that I used to live down in the flint have lots of them 'mule-footed' hogs. They're a long-legged, long-nosed, slabsided, razor-backed, breed of racers that ean eat out of a jug, or reach through the cracks of a fence and pull corn off of the third row. They have very long talls, and the owners tie a knot in the tall to keep them from crawlin' through the cracks of the fences. They live principally on the 'mast' (acorns and other puts in the timber). They never get very fat, but some people thought they fat-tened better when their tails were cut off I don't know why, except that short. I don't know why, except that the knot in the tail being gone enabled them to creep through the fences and steal corn. I knowed a 'haw-eater' (Bill's term for the natives) down there who was such a kind-hearted cuss that he couldn't bear the Idea of inflictin' so much pain on the hog by cuttin' off his tail at once; so in order to make it easy on the hog se'd cut off about an inch each day till got the tall whittled down to the de-

shortness. Knowing that Bill was fond of telling miraculous yarns to credulous recruits, I thought for a long time afterwards that these statements should be taken with a grain of salt, but during the civil war I saw and killed numbers of these "mule-footed" hogs in northwest Arkansas, and can youch for the fact that there was such a breed there.

not a tree or bush is seen for days. Oc-casionally we meet or overtake a train of wagons, or a party of friendly Indians moving camp, or something that gives a slight change to the dreary sameness of the tramp. An occasional buffalo chase is indulged in by some of the officers or scouts, which is usually in plain view of the marching column as we move along

to its place in the circle of poles at the bottom, she raised it up with the cover hanging to it and dropped the upper end into its place on the others. The sides of the cover were then drawn together around the framework of poles and fast-ened together with little wooden pins, leaving an opening for a door, which is closed by a loose hide stretched on sticks

closed by a loose hide stretched on sticks and hung to the top of the sperture. This swinging rawhide door is pushed aside to go in or out. The bottom of the tent is pinned to the ground.

To secure their lodges against being blown over by strong winds, a lariat is thrown across the tops and the ends fastened to stakes some feet from the tent, forming guy-ropes.

slight change to the dreary sameness of the tramp. An occasional buffalo chase is indulged in by some of the officers or scouts, which is usually in plain view of the marching column as we move along the road. But buffalo are getting somewhat scarce as we approach the western limit of their range, which this season seems to be about the Santa Fe crossing of the Arkansas.

About a short day's march east of the crossing we passed the ruined walls of old Fort Atkinson, or Fort Mackey, as it is sometimes called. This used to be a trading post, but there is little left of it now but some corners of the old adobe wall about as high as a mau's head, the

wall about as high as a man's head, the Indian "fixin's," until our bugles sound



BUFFALO IN HIS TRACKS."

fornia Trail. Some distance west of the crossing I was shown a dim wagon trail turning off from our road and crossing the river, which is called the Aubry Route. It joins the Santa Fe on the Upper Cim-maron River, but seems to be little used. About the Aubry Crossing we passed out of the buffalo range. The point called Bib Timbers, where

and mechanically sprang to my feet, as of a few small groves of cottonwoods on the gan cracked, to make an effort to islands in the river, with a few trees on the north bank. But from here on toward the mountains they say that timber be comes more abundant along the river, and the stream is narrower and deeper, the trees being confined to islands, or the immediate banks of the river.

THE ARAPAHOES. At a camp near the Big Timbers, after danger I had just escaped I certainly felt we had pitched our tents and got our glad I was living."

> pack animals.
>
> They turned off the road and campeon the bank of the river just below us. Quite a number of us soldiers strolled down to their camps to take a look at the "noble red man," but found them in n way superior to the dirty Kaws or Kie

They came dropping along, a few at time, until quite a large number had as rived on the campground. A buck would ride up and dismount, and, after seem-ing to give a few orders to the squaws. he would make himself as comfortable as possible until some of the squaws would unsaddle his horse and fix him a place to lie down, while the women went about unpacking the ponies, pitching their

lodges and cooking some grub.

The ponies and mules, after being unpacked and unsaddled, are driven to water and then sent out on herd in charge of some of the children. The covering to their tents is made of pieces of dressed skins, usually buffalo skins, dressed with the hair off, and sewed together in the desired shape for fitting over their lodge-toles when granted. The release of the state of poles when erected. The poles are slim, straight, smooth pine saplings, with the bark taken off, which they procure in the

foot-hills of the mountains.

For traveling they roll up the lodge cover in a small, compact form, and tie it onto the packst dle, and dividing the poles in two equal bunches tie the small end of a bunch to each side of the packend of a bunch to each side of the pick-saddle, leaving the butt ends to drag on the ground behind the animal. A com-fortable litter, called "travois" by the French Canadian trappers, is sometimes fixed on these poles just behind the pony to carry the feeble or sick or wounded; such a litter is usually covered to shield the impute from the bot sun. When the the inmate from the hot sun. When the

the inmate from the hot sun. When the pony drags this kind of freight it is led by some squaw or child of the family, mounted on another animal. The ordinary pack animal is turned loose and driven along with the rest of the herd.

I watched an old squaw pitch a lodge, and the modus operandi was about this:

First she took three lodge poles, and tying them together by a stout string run through holes near the small ends, set them up as a tripod, spreading the bot-

them up as a tripod, spreading the bot-toms to suit bottom of tent.

Then taking the remaining poles, all but one, laid them upon the tripod at reg-ular intervals, about like infantrymen exa DREARY COUNTRY.

A DREARY COUNTRY.

The march along the bank of the Arkansas is rather monotonous. Day after day it is the same, without change of cenery, and few incidents to make one day's march different from another. The same wide waste of prairie presents itself to the view each day. Now and then a sellitary cottonwood tree is seen growing on the tops of the poles—to the tops of the remaining poles as it lay on the cover. Then setting the butt of this pole day of June, '57, were the first discover-day of June, '57, were the first day of June, '57, were the first

BENT'S FORT

Bent's Fort, the next point of import-nce on the route, is situated on a rocky bluff right on the river bank, having a several miles. As it is a fair representa tive of the frontier ranch or trading post I will endeavor to describe it. An inclos ure in shape of an oblong square sur-rounded by a stone wall 15 or 20 feet high; no entrance but a huge double gate. on the north or landward side, facing the road; inside, and against the wall, a con-tinuous row of rooms are built (of adobes timous row of rooms are built (of adobes) around the square. The roofs of these rooms—three or four feet below the top of the outer wall, which forms a parapet above them—are nearly flat, after the Mexican style, and are made of mud spread on top of slabs of split timber. These rooms all open into the hollow square or courtyard and are used for years. square or courtyard, and are used for va rious purposes, as dwellings, stores, etc. Those used for living in usually have a chimney and fireplace built in one corn 'his three-cornered fireplace is a Mexican levice, to save space, I suppose. On one of the front corners of the main wall is built a watch-tower, in which, in time of danger, a sentinel is kept, day and

Old Man Bent, the proprietor, is given the honorary title of "Colonel" on ac of having formerly held the office of In-dian Agent. He is apparently about 60 years old, nearly as dark as an Indian, and, judging from his features, is a mix-ture of French Canadian and Indian, His present wife is a Cheyenne squaw. He has the usual motley crew of Mexicans, Indians and white men lounging around, such as are invariably found about a frontier trading post. The Agency for several tribes is still kept here, the present incumbent of the office being one Maj. A. B. Miller. There is considerable timber along the river here exists. ber along the river here, and game is

abundant About a day's march west of Bent's Fort we got the first glimpse of Pike's Peak, snow-capped and seemingly like a small, white cloud resting on the western horizon, which I really thought it and when told by some of the old handa that it was the Peak I insisted that it was nothing but a little white cloud, as it had no appearance of a mountain. But day after day the white cloud held its position, growing larger and plainer each lay as we advanced toward it, other mour tans coming into view, until soon it seemed as though our road was running up against an immense wall of mounta tumbled together in endless confusion. Ex-tending north and south, there was no end to them. By the time we had reached the foot of the Rockies I was willing to admit, in the language of our Missouri recruit, that there was "a right smart chance of rocks piled up there." We must have been over 100 miles from Pike's

Peak when we first saw it

GOLD DISCOVERY. Pueblo is a small collection of 'dobe shanties on the south bank of the Arkan-sas, near the foot of the mountains, in-habited by a few Mexican families. Not far west of Pueblo, near the mouth of Fountain que Bonille, or Boiling Spring Creek, our road, the California Trail,

ers, and first to make public the discovery of gold in that country.

In answer to a letter published in a Denver paper some time ago, in which a Mr. George S. Simpson, of Trinidad, Colo., claims the honor of being the first discoverer of gold in the Pike's Peak country, I wrote the following letter, under date of July 4, 1888, to the Denver Times, which was published in that paper:

"I have just been reading a letter published in a Do not forget the next Contest comes off NEXT WEEK. Raise a clul 2 2 ince your subscription, or buy books, and make plenty of guesses.

The next contest is now right upon us, and we warn comrades not to linger too long over the past contest, when they should be up and doing, with the end in should be up and doing, with the end in the contest is now right upon us, afford to waste any of it. The laugh comes in at his belief that the whole business was a humburg. He must have been resonance of the letter of the past contest, when they should be up and doing, with the end in the contest in the paper.

"I have just been reading a letter published in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, but copied from the Denver Times, written by a Mr. George S. Simpson, of Trinidad, in which he claims to be the original discoverer of gold in the Pike's Peak region, which impels me to tell what I know of the first discovery. Mr. Simpson claims to have made the first discovery of gold by washing out some dirt in Cherry Creek

to have made the first discovery of gold by washing out some dirt in Cherry Creek during the Summer of '58.

"I know that gold was discovered, and the fact made known to quite a mamber, about a year prior to Mr. Simpson's re-puted discovery.

"The Spring of '57 found me a soldier in the 1st U. S. Cav. (Col. Edwin V. Sum-ner's regiment) at Four Leavanwarth

ner's regiment) at fort Leavenworth, Kansas Territory. A part of our regiment was ordered out onto the plains to hunt out and chastise the Cheyennes, who were then on the warpath. The balance of the regiment, under command of Lieut-Col. Joseph E. Johnston, put in the Summer escorting a party of surveyors who ran out the southern boundary line of Kansas Territory from the Missouri line to

sas Territory from the Missouri line to the mountains.

"Our Cheyenne expedition was divided into two commands. One, under Col. Sumner, proceeded to Fort Kearny and on up the South Platte to the foot of the mountains. The other party, commanded by Maj. John Sedgwick, proceeded up the Arkansas River, under orders to join Sumner's command on the South Platte, and if the Indians had not been found by either, the two commands, united, would acour the plains between the two rivers till the hostiles were found.

"I was with Maj. Sedgwick's party. We arrived in the vicinity of Cherry Creek in the latter part of June.

"At that time the courtery was literally a howling widerness—no settlement of any kind on the route after leaving Council Grove, except Allison's Ranch, at the mouth of Walnut Creek, near the Big Bend of the Arkansas, and Bent's Ford, on the Upper Arkansas, where Fort Lyon

on the Upper Arkansas, where Fort Lyon was afterwards built. Yes, there were a few Mexicans living in 'dobe shanties at

Pueblo.
"Just before reaching the mouth of Cherry Creek we met a party of Mis-sourians, six or eight men, all afoot, with a small wagon, drawn by a yoke of oxen. driven by a big buck negro, the slave of

driven by a big buck negro, the slave of one of the party.

"We stopped and talked to them quite a while, and they told us they had been up in the Pike's Peak region and in the vicinity of the mouth of Cherry Creek, prospecting for gold, and found lots of it, but that the Indians had annoyed them so that they could do nothing without a stronger force, and that they were going back to Missouri to make up a stronger party and return, determined to have the dust.

"Some of them exhibited small quantities of golddust in small bottles and buckskin bags; and although we did not place much confidence in their story (for we had never heard of gold in that country before), they strongly esserted that there was plenty of it to be had if the Indians would only let them work.

"One of their number was wounded and lying in the wagon, having shot himself through the hand accidentally while pulling his gun out of the wagon muzzle foremost. He was transferred to the care of our Surgeons, and we parted commany

language, but not enough to hold conversation; but in the signs they are very proficient, and one who knows nothing of their signs soon learns it. The Arapahoes could not, or would not, tell us anything of the whereabouts of the Cheyennes.

In the morning we resumed our march, and the Indians moved on down the river on their way to the buffalo range for a county of the signs and we parted commany with the original discoverers of Pike's Peak gold, they resuming their journey to the States and we moving on down to the mouth of Cherry Creek, camping on the north or right bank, where Denver City now stands, on the 30th day of June, 1857. That being our muster day, we were there mustered for two months' pay

"The wounded man had to have his hand amputated a day or so after his comrades left him, as the weather was very hot and gangrene had set in. I don't remember any of the names of the pros-pectors, or whether I ever heard any of their names, but somehow I got the im-pression that the leader of the party was named Baker (not the Jim Baker, spoken (Continued on fifth page.)

The next contest is now right upon us, and we warn comrades not to linger too long over the past contest, when they should be up and doing, with the end in wiew of making plenty of guesses next view of making plenty of guesses next and found he had won \$500. week. Raise a club. That is the first

may be waiting to have photos taken before writing. We usually request each winner to send a photo. Those contes-



Enlisted April, 1861, for three months. In August following re-enlisted in same regiment for three years. Veteranized August, 1864; discharged at Louisville, July, 1865. Participated in battles of New Madrid, Island No. 10, Corinth, Iuka, Tuscumbia, Nashville, Franklin, Stone River, Bridgeport, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain, Knoxville, Ringgold, Dalton, Resaca, Buzzard's Roost, Kingston, Dallas, Lost Mountain, Marietta, Peach Tree Creek, Jonesboro, Allatoona, Atlanta, 'March to the Sea,' Savannah, Branchville, Averysboro, Bentonville and Goldsboro,' We are very glad that an old soldier who was "under fire" so often, as indicated above, was a winner. He does not say how he came to select the winning number. Another comrade from the Home

We are very glad that an old soldier who was "under fire" so often, as indicated above, was a winner. He does not say how he came to select the winning number. Another comrade from the Home writes that he selected it for him. This may be so, but it does not invalidate in the least Comrade Dissler's right to the prize. The guess was sent in plainly as his guess.

Comrade Dissler has a friend in the least Comrade Dissler's right to the prize. The guess was sent in plainly as his guess.

Comrade Dissler has a friend in the light guessed. That is all I know about to

Home who carries on his correspondence.

Age and infirmity has, perhaps, made writing a difficult job for him. This friend gives us a little additional information.

Comrade W. G. Parker, of Cedar Grove, Tenn., winner of the 10th prize, writes that he was proud to receive the friend gives us a little additional information. ested, although part of the joke seems to be on us. The friend writes: "Jos. Dissier gave me \$1 to send to you for a year's subscription. A few days after I sent in a guess in his name. When I told him of it, he said: 'Oh! that is a humbug!' But when you sent him \$500, he wanted to know how I did it, and he offered me \$1." Some over-generous comrades will laugh at the wrong place in the above quotation. Comrade Dissler has a perfect right to name the size of the reward for his friend, and we hope and believe that he is a careful man, and that this \$500 will last a long time in supplying him with the comforts of life. We like to see our old comrades a little "close." For the most part of life. We like to see our old comrades a little "close." For the most part of excessive sale of revenue stamps. RECEIPTS FOR MARCH LAST YEAR.

The whole Treasury receipts for the month of March, 1900, were \$48,726, \$37.31, being an average of \$1.574,109.12 for each day, except Sundays. The receipts for the last Monday, the 26th of March, 1900, were \$2,212,891.95,

week. Raise a club. That is the first step toward a handsome cash prize.

Nearly all of the winners have now reported, and some account of them has been given. Those who have not reported light for the dear old Tribune. I entered the control of the step of the dear old Tribune. I entered the control of the step of the dear old Tribune. listed as a musician, at the age of 17, at Frankfort, Ohio, in Co. A, 18th Ohio Inf. fore writing. We usually request each witner to send a photo. Those contestants who have a "dead-sure-feel-it-in-my-bones" conviction that they will win next week had better get their pictures taken at once.

Frankriven, Chick, Chick Past Commander of Boothroyd Post, Del-phi, Ind. My occupation is blacksmith-ing. My guesses were suggested by the published receipts."

his letter to find a check for \$25. His military service was from August, 1862, when he volunteered in the 143d Pa, for three years, unless sooner shot. Engaged in Burnside's mud march, at Gettysburg, and in the Wilderness campaign. Carand in the Wilderness campaign. Car-penter by trade. Age 64. About his way

and in the Wilderness campaign. Carpenter by trade. Age 64. About his way of making a successful guess he says he "just jumbled up some figures."

Rev. J. Milton Snyder, of Strongstown. Pa., winner of the 12th prize, writes: "I hasten to acknowledge with heartfelt thanks your kind remittance. I read The National Thibune with the greatest in terest, and have done so for years. Your club lists show that I have aided in its circulation. I am a Latheran minister, and have been in active work for 20 years. I was too young to serve my country in the civil war, but as a child I witnessed and was much impressed with the greatness and gallantry of our soldiers in driving Lee's army from my native State, and I have always had a warm heart for these for \$500 O. K., with many thanks. In August following re-enlisted in same regiment for three years. Veteranized August, 1861, for three months. In August following re-enlisted in same regiment for three years. Veteranized August, 1865. Participated in battles of New Madrid, Island No. 10, Corinth, 1983.

his guess.

Comrade Dissler has a friend in the I guessed. That is all I know about it."

writes that he was proud to receive the check; that he enlisted at 18 years of age, tion that is so "breezy" that we cannot withhold it from all who are interand did scouting duty until mustered out, in August; that he is a dry-goods mer-

Comrade D. D. Kellogg, of Pasadena.
Cal., winner of the third prize, writes as follows: "I acknowledge with thanks your account of excessive sale of revenue

-NO. 23-WHOLE NO. 1022.



NORTON JONES, fifth prize winner.

# Hint to Club-Raisers.

Comrade William H. Harding, of Scranton, Pa., winner of the sixth prize, writes that he cannot fully express his surprise and gratification upon opening his letter to find a check for \$25. His military service was from August, 1862, Club-raisers who are well off should

# "Close" Guessing.

2.019,650,22 2.009,650,22 1,999,650,22 1,989,650,22 1,969,650,22 1,969,650,23 guesses, each 10,000 apart.

My "Bull's-Eye" guess .....

These nine guesses below the bull's-eve are lowered guesses, each 10,000

,909,650, 22 ,899,650, 22 1,889,650, 22 1,879,650, 22 1,869,650, 22 1,859,650, 22 1,849,650, 22 1,839,650, 22 1,839,650, 22

1,959,650,22 1,949,650,22 1,939,650,22 1,929,650,22 1,919,650,22

1.909.650.22

# RECENT TREASURY RECEIPTS.

These will show guessers how receipts run for Mondays at this time of the year;

		190	11.		10000
Monday,	Jan.	7		\$2,421.5	264.14
Monday.					
Monday.	Jan.	21		1,936,	846.05
Monday,	Jan.	28		2,232,	394.51
Monday,					
Monday,	Feb.	11		*5,421	024.87
Monday,					
Monday,	Feb.	25		1,984.9	961.79
Monday,	Mare	h 4. T	reasury	closed.	
Monday,	Mare	h 11		*2,723.	832.74
*Note -	-59 14	12 811 (	Sof thi	Crist Lenter	LIN V.

25th day of March, 1901, will

be entitled to the first prize. Whoever guesses next nearest will receive the second

prize; the next nearest, the third prize, and so on to the lifteenth prize. We will award \$2,000 cash to any one lucky enough to guess the exact receipts, hit-ting the "bull's-eye," so to speak. This

fortunate person would win the \$500 also-

making \$2,500 in all. If more than one guess makes a winning, the prize will be divided.

or before Saturday, the 23d day of March-

two full days in advance.

These guesses must be received by us on

This is an absolutely fair contest. No

nan can know two days in advance, nor even two hours in advance, what the receipts will be for the 25th day of March.

The only condition for entering

the contest is that your name shall be found

on our yearly subscription list on the 25th

day of March, 1901. This entitles you

to one guess for each year, or part of a year,

# The Summerdale Brabble.

By ALBION W. TOURGEE. Copyright, 1901, by the publishers of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

As Sears sat in Mr. Bettson's office next day he could not help recalling what Margaret had said about this singular man. Of middle age, erect and slender, with a dark beard closely trimmed, fresh colored face, full and piercing dark eyes, the attorney's crown of snow-white hair made him a man of very striking-some

said sinister—appearance.
"You are aware, I suppose, of the rea sons which induced your aunt to revoke her former will, Mr. Sears," he asked in the most mellifluous of voices.

"I know nothing but the general re-ort," was the reply.
"And—what is that?"

"Your supposed sympathy for what she considered a common wrong." "And is nothing said about your shameful conduct toward her?" Naturally not. There never was any

such thing."
"Mr. Sears, do you mean to say you had written to Miss Greenlee, or even acknowledged her remittances, at any time during the past six months?"

"About six months ago my aunt wrote me to the effect that it would be neces-sary for me to look out for myself in the future. I set about doing so at once, and have heard nothing from her since." You did not hear from her?" with increasing incredulity.

"I did not. "Where have you been during that "Taking care of myself."

"I am working on a salary."
"May I ask what is the amount of that "I receive one hundred dollars a month

and my expenses."
"Your employers find it profitable?" "I believe they are entirely satisfied."
"I suppose you get your mail?"
"When I left the university I asked chum to keep anything that might come

"And forward it?" "Why?"
Gilbert simply shrugged his shoulders.
"Did you let your aunt know this?"
asked Bettson.
"She said she wished pever to hear of

"She said she wished hever to hear of the said she wished he wished hever to hear of the said she wished he the case, wasn't there?"

"She wrote to your aunt about it."
"Possibly," still more coolly.
"True, wasn't it?"
"I don't know," said Gilbert, with evident candor. "I didn't consider a single kiss given with a young woman's free consent, if not at her own solicitation, a matter of serious moment. I do not think it would have been taken any note of if would have been taken any note of it I had not been regarded as my aunt's heir, or if I had shown any inclination to

repeat it. "So you refused to apologize, as the faculty demanded?"
"I refused to admit having done anything to apologize for."

Bettson looked at the young man with

admiration marked with astonishment. This frank and nonchalant youth, who could lose reputation, fortune, everything, without finding it worth while to say a single word in excuse, was a new type "You must have known your suspen-sion would chagrin your aunt beyond

"I had no idea she would take it so seriously. "You knew she wished you to marry Miss Keep?"
"I knew s knew she wanted to even things up with Miss Keep's mother, if you will put it in that way, Mr. Bettson," Gilbert replied, with something approximating a

smile on his face.
"Ah, indeed? And how, may I ask, did you arrive at that conclusion?" asked the lawyer, blandly.
"It's not my conclusion," answered

"It's not my conclusion," answered Sears, rather more earnestly than he had hitherto spoken. "I would not speak of it, if it could be avoided; but when Miss Keep wert to college her mother, as I think you know, forbade her to write to me—or see me, for that matter. Aunt Lucy—well, she wanted me to run away with Margaret—go over to Europe, you understand"— he hesitated.

"Didn't she offer to provide liberally for you both?"

"I believe there was some such suggestion."

"And you refused a pretty girl, with a Sears answered with a look of profound

ntempt.
"Re-al-ly, this is very interesting," continued Bettson, smiling with the superhu-man blandness which was one of his char-acteristics. "You could not bring your-

(Continued on second page).

ANOTHER CONTEST RIGHT AWAY: **Cutting a Watermelon** 



Chance for a Slice for Every Subscriber, Club-Raiser and Book Buyer.

duess the receipts of the U. S. Treasury for Monday, March 25, 1901. Extra inducements this time to club-

alsers. The same as in the contest just closed, \$3,000 is divided into 16 prizes, as fol-

First prize . . . . . . . . . Fourth " Fifth to 15th prizes, each 25 The Bull's-Eye prize 2,000 of books you hay from us between March 1 and March 23, 1901, you are entitled to one Whoever guesses, or comes near- guess. est to guessing, the receipts of the

Inited States Treasury for Monday, the

your sub-cription has to run. Or that you have been a book buyer between March 1 A number of guesses may be had any one, or all, of the following three ways: Subscribe for more than one

year. For every year your subscription has to run you are entitled to one guess. Raise a club. For every yearly ubscription you send in, or for every dollar's worth of books you sell for us, between March 1 and March 23, 1901, you are entitled to two guesses. Each member of the club is also entitled to one guess, or to more than one if he sub-cribes for more than one year. If any club member does not want a guess,

the club-raiser can take that also, Buy books. For every dollar's worth

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE,

Washington, D. C.

Whoever hits the "Bull's Eye" will win two prizes. His slice of the watermelon will look like this:

